

THE A. M. A. BAYONET

September 22, 1931



"While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us.
O, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we left behind us."

A BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
of
AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY
FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA



*" . . . Here dwells youth, perennial
as immortality."*

The A. M. A. Bayonet

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Edited by an Alumnus of Augusta

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They that put their trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever.—PSALMS.

Our doubts are traitors, and often make us lose the good that we might win, by failing to attempt.

—SHAKESPEARE.

Greetings, Young Gentlemen

Colonel and Major Roller and their corps of assistants are glad to take advantage of this opportunity to extend through THE BAYONET their cordial greetings and best wishes to the corps of cadets who are entering upon their high duties for the ensuing session at Augusta.

First, they wish to state to the young gentlemen of the past session that no one experiences the depth of heartborn pleasure which such a reunion gives as do the teachers who labored with and formed lasting friendships for the men of yesteryear. And if, in the past, they proved trustworthy in guiding youth to higher, nobler trails of life and to truer service to mankind, they again enter upon their responsible duties with a determination to fulfill intelligently and honorably man's most delightful but most far-reaching profession—the safe and sound education of youth for wise leadership in an age so woefully lacking in broad, prophetic vision and safe guidance. May there be found among the returned men some one of such sound vision and patriotic devotion as

shall place him in the very van of humanity struggling onward and upward to a fuller and richer enjoyment of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

With respect to those who are entering for the first time Augusta's portals, it is hoped that they will at once look upon the individuals that make up A. M. A.'s official family, not as being a unit in a carelessly aggregated group of pedagogical tyrants, but as being experienced guides and sympathetic friends, big brothers, who have at heart the success and happiness of each cadet in the school. The new men will find them, as did they of the past session, gentlemen to the manner born, whose high desire will be to win the confidence and esteem of boys who are for the first time separated from life's twain truest friends—Mother and Dad. *In loca parentis*, they are never unmindful of their new-made trusts. Know them, have faith in them, obey them—and you will learn to esteem and love them.

As to Colonel Roller, do not let his marked dignity and calm solicitude disconcert you; for, back of it all, throbs a warm and loyal heart, a heart that will rejoice with you in your good fortune and sympathize with you in your shadow-hours. The Colonel holds that:

"It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishment the scroll,
I am the master of my fate,
I am the captain of my soul."

Major Roller's motto is: Do It Now; so, if he should send for you to report at his office, wisdom will dictate that you step on the gas. But, know this, when you shall have entered his office, you are going to stand face to face with a strict, but humanely kind commandant, who knows the value of discipline, and who, by the way, is persuaded that the realms of His Satannic Majesty are paved with cigarette butts, the "toasted kind," you know. So, do not forget "coming events cast their shadows."

As to Major J.—oh, well, we shall let you find out for yourself the other officers, a study that will prove both interesting and delightful.

At length, know this: AUGUSTA EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY EVERY DAY IN EVERY WAY DURING THE CURRENT SESSION.

Cordial greetings, young gentlemen, and heartborn good wishes for a session upon which you shall in years to come look back and say, *Haec olim meminisse iuvabit*.

Your Home Letters

Do not forget that the good folks back home are going to expect a prompt letter from you, a letter informing them of your safe arrival at Augusta and of your first impressions.

Now, the true sport is going to write just such a letter as Mother and Dad are so anxiously hoping to receive from their absent boy, a letter that will cheer their hearts and relieve them of the hours of anxiety they have known since *you* left them.

But what kind of letter are you going to write? Is it to be a message that will keep the home-fires burning, or shall it be a message that will bring to your two truest pals on earth the dark shadows of anxiety? One thing is most certain: what you write home will prove your own declaration of your true worth—a statement of a courageous soul or a statement of a slacker to the high call of duty.

Perhaps some of the new men will be just a little homesick at first, and such a feeling is not unnatural amid different general surroundings and confronted with so many, many strange faces. But remember this: you will soon learn to love your surroundings; and the strange faces you will see have in store for you smiles, lots of them, if you

have in you enough manly courage to win them.

Are you going to prove true to Mother and Dad? You owe them so much, and we feel that your first letter home is going to prove a first installment of good cheer, one of the many payments you will send in during the session now at hand.

Don't forget that the letters you post home are true mirrors of your real self, whether that self be a man or a manikin.

True Sportsmanship

Some of the men enrolled at Augusta come from homes where the dollar possesses but passing significance. Others come from homes where every dollar possesses a value of full one hundred cents. And throughout the land, there are ninety-five of the latter homes to five of the former.

Each cadet knows or should know financial conditions at home. Many mothers and fathers are making very real sacrifices in their personal expenditure of money that their children may attend school, and these personal sacrifices are cheerfully made that their children may be equipped for the demands a peculiarly unrelentless age is going to exact from their offspring.

How are you going to accept these sacrifices of your mothers and fathers? Shall it be in an honor-bound spirit of repayment in full by a diligent, constant, and courageous use of the golden hours in the class-room and on the campus—hours made yours through the gifts of hours and hours of self-denial, of hope, and of prayer to God made by Mother and Dad?

Your daily attitude towards the golden opportunity presented to you is going to become a cross or a crown to that self-denying, hopeful, prayerful twain back home,

Your School Paper

We asked, a few days since, a friend, who lives down in old Stafford county, whether money was scarce in his section.

"Scarce? Not in the least," he replied; "for the fact is, we haven't any to be scarce."

Financially speaking, times are indeed tight; however, Mr. Arthur Brisbane is still drawing \$200,000 annually as a column writer for the Hearst publications, and good old Will Rogers is making \$160,000 per annum out of his syndicated write-ups.

Among A. M. A.'s corps of cadets are youths that could make a success as writers if they accept and diligently prosecute the opportunity. Why not make THE BAYONET the best school paper published in the State? Do you say the radio is killing the newspaper? Don't you believe it. The radio does have a monopoly on all the static, but when it comes to wrapping up a lunch, the good old newspaper is the *sine qua non*. And just now, lunches are in daily demand by the 10,000,000 unemployed folk of this land of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Let's get busy right away, men, and make THE BAYONET so worth-while that when a fellow reads it, he will feel so edified that he will not need something edible during the winter to come.

Fill in and sign the inclosed leaflet if you are sport enough to assist your school paper in becoming the true exponent of A. M. A.'s life and the historical record of days that are going to test your loyalty to Augusta's sacred traditions and her future glory.

whose golden dream you alone can make come true.

Come, let's make our reports that go home cheering evidence of the fact that Love's self-denial *shall not be in vain*.

Drop your filled-in and signed leaflets into the box marked—THE BAYONET—which you will find placed under THE ARCH.

The Auto's Shocking Toll

"By the way, Helen, on my return last month from a delightful winter spent in California, I stopped off for a visit with Josephine Somers, whom we both so loved at Vassar."

"Dear old Joe the adorable, is she still playing havoc with the hearts of the sterner sex?"

"Alas, no; you see, she was in a shocking automobile wreck shortly after returning home from college and, as a result, she was so horribly disfigured that the very suggestion of her appearing socially unnerves her."

"Beautiful Josephine Somers doesn't appear in society! Why, Clara, dear, I just cannot imagine such a thing. Do tell me what . . ."

"Well, while she is quite as active indoors as ever, and really suffers no pain at all, she is so noticeably disfigured that she is making a hermit of herself."

"O Clara, how cruel, bitterly cruel, is fate! I cannot imagine how such a perfect type of physical pulchritude as was dear old Joe being other than her own lovely self of her popular college days. Did she break one of those perfect arms or legs?"

"Far worse than that! But, as I was going to tell you, as a result of numerous cablegrams that have passed between Josephine's father and the celebrated skin specialist, Dr. Von Kuhl, of Vienna, there is a possible hope of the conspicuous scar's being concealed or removed by a delicate skin-grafting."

"Scar? Not, Clara, a scar on Josephine's velvety, rose-tinted cheeks? Oh, I cannot bear to think of her seraphic face being marred!"

"Wait, Helen; I shall tell you all; but the scar is not on her face."

"Then 'tis on that swan-like neck which went far in giving Josephine that one-hundred per cent perfection score at dear old *alma mater*."

"No; but do have patience. Dr. Von Kuhl advises Josie to go to Vienna. His cablegrams express hope of removing the distracting scar by grafting over it skin from our dear old pal's forearm."

"Her forearm? But that would leave disfigured an arm that full oft has entwined my neck in friendship's loving tie. I just will not perm——"

"But when I tell you where the hideous scar is, you will willingly sacrifice all this sentimentality and acknowledge the soundness of the policy to give a bit of skin from the arm if there be hope of hiding the almost ruinous scar, for it is, it is—O how can I tell you! it is on one of Josephine's lovely dimpled knees!"

"O horrors, Clara; how utterly cruel is the auto's shocking toll!"

—C. B. S., '30.

EVEN AS YOU AND I

She was a sweet and helpless blonde,

I taught her golf one day,
She fozzled and she fanned the air—

She'll never learn to play!

I tried her out on tennis, then—

The lovely, stupid child—
She missed the ball and hit the air
And fairly drove me wild!

At last I figured she was dumb:

I missed my guess, I'll say—
She failed at golf and tennis, but
The wedding is in May!

—W. J. FUNK in *N. Y. Post*.

Chorine: "Did you tell anybody of your secret marriage?"

Second: "No, I'm waiting for my husband to sober up—I want him to be the first to know."

Chickens

*A Sermonette by Pahson Mose,
of Willow Spout*

My friends, I takes as the words of my text this mawnin' the seben-ty-fifth verse of the twenty-sixth chapter of the Gospel 'cordin' to St. Matthew: "Before the cock crows, thou shalt deny me thrice."

You all knows that when Judas have done betrayed the Lord and they take Him to the house of the Chief Priest to find fault with Him and to 'cuse Him, all of the disciples slips out of the house and hides. But this here Peter, who's all the time boastin' 'bout what he's goin' to do, sneaks 'round into the kitchen, thinkin', I 'magines, that he kin hide behind some of the apron-strings of the female woman folks. Howsomever, when one of them gals sees him, she 'cuses him of being one of the disciples of the Lord. Now, when dat gal do 'cuse Peter, he gits all riled up, and he sho' must have done told her to go to the d-davenport and set down, or somethin'. But, right at that point, the cock crowed.

Now, Peter hears dat ol' rooster crow, and he mighty soon remembers dat the good Lord have done told him dat before the cock crow, he am goin' to deny Him three times. So Peter knows dat he done sholy told a lie. And when he knows dat, he goes outside de kitchen and weeps.

My good friends, since it were a chicken what makes Peter weep out in the cold that night, I is right here in the pulpit this mawnin' to tell de world dat they's still chickens all 'round we all what makes folks weep. Howsomever, nevertheless, they isn't but two kinds of chickens in all de whole wide world, and I feels it sho' am my duty to point out to you all the difference 'tween these two kinds of creations, for your very soul's salvation often depends on your knowin' how to

distinguish the one kind from the other kind.

As I has done told you, the one kind of chicken crowed and 'mind-ed Peter that he have done told a lie. But long before Peter have told that lie, one of the other kind of chickens, dressed in a pa'm-leaf fan, have done danced before old King Herod; and John the Baptis' gits his head cut off just 'cause dat chicken Salomey shimmy de Black Bottom before him.

But, dat you all kind know the real difference 'tween the two kinds of chickens in the world, I wants to tell you what the Romans—who lives back in the time of dat man Ju'lus Cæsar, what o done writ dat book 'bout Day Below Calico and done played dat game of craps on de banks of the Rubycome—what the Romans does with the one kind of chickens. Before they goes to war, they cuts open the kind of chickens what crows and cackles so they kin look at the insides to tell what am goin' to happen on de outside when they fights. But, my friends, I is here to tell you all dat 'tain't no use a-tall to cut the other kind of chickens open, for you isn't goin' to find nothin' on the insides 'cept reducin' pills, nut-sundaes, and bootleg high-balls, and nothin' on the outside 'cept nose-powder and roley hose.

To come to the point: The one kind of chicken goes to roost after spendin' the day makin' the worms hide and ketchin' the bugs; the other kind goes home to roost after takin' the joy-ride and ketchin' the hugs.

The one kind of chicken kin fly; the other kind can't, but is.

The one kind sets on her own eggs and hatches out little chicks; the other kind sets on any old fool's knee and hatches out diamond necklaces.

The one kind am dressed for dinner when it have its feathers off; the other kind am dressed for

dinner when it have its wrist-watch and powder on.

The one kind sometimes gits fricassed; the other kind mostly gits allemonies.

The one kind lays in season for the good wife's whole family; the other kind lays in wait for the good wife's sole husband.

The one kind come home when 'tain't no more sunshine and bugs; the other kind comes home when 'tain't no more "moonshine" and hugs.

Finally, when us big-hearted cul-lud folks sees the one kind of chicken roostin' out in the cold, we doesn't pass by like the priest and Levite, but we acts the Good Samaritan part, takin' dat poor chicken right into our home, close by the fire.

In con'lusion, my friends, thank the good Lord for the 'dustrious chicken what 'minds you of the lies you tells and calls you up to the duties of the new-born day; but I beseeches you all, my brothern, to fall down on your knees when the other kind comes smilin' 'round, for if dat kind once sot herse'f on your knees, you sho goin' to deny de good Lord forty times before the other kind of chicken kin crow once.

Brother Jeffe'son, will you kin'ly wake up and take de mawnin' collection, which you will hand to me before I dissmises de conjugation.

—o—

"Did you say the professor is absent-minded?"

"Absent-minded! Well, he read an erroneous account of his death in a newspaper and sent himself a wreath!"—*Passing Show*.

The white man stole the red man's land,

Where Lo once was he ain't;
But the college youth retains his yell

And the flapper has his paint.

—*Boston Transcript*.

Just Folks

Patient: "What is the best way to prevent infections from biting insects?"

Doctor: "When tempted to bite 'em, grit your teeth and reach for a swatter."

Marjory: "Harold, when you kissed me just now, you were the first boy whose lip s had ever touched mine, thank goodness!"

Harold: "Tha's all right, old girl; keep your thanks; glad t' 'comodate you."

Fresh: "Why did Socrates have to drink that hemlock?"

Soph: "He was accused of demoralizing the Athenian youth."

Fresh: "Bunk! I'll bet some gossiping old maids accused him of taking poor shop girls for joyrides."

Spig: "Chemistry is a wonderful science, old man. Just think, the rayon hose your wife wears may be called the first cousin of gun-cotton."

Etti: "I don't know about the hose kinship, but the wearer at times makes me believe she is the double-first cousin of T. N. T."

Mazie: "I suppose that guy told you your lips were like twin cherries."

Mame: "Naw, that's stale stuff. He said they were like an old suit that needed pressing. — *Boston Transcript*."

Brew: "Do you think being President will shorten Mr. Hoover's life?"

Ster: "Perhaps not; but I am not speaking for the commissioners he is appointing to find out what it's all about."

Youngster: "What is the difference between the old-time high-ball and its modern successor?"

Oldster: "Oh, about twelve years of "noble experiment."

Pater (to Bobbie, eight years of age): "Son, what is that you are putting into your oatmeal this morning?"

Bobbie: "Just some of mother's reducing powders."

Pater: "Put it aside at once, you foolish boy."

Bobbie: "But I want to go to Florida with Aunt Julia, and I heard her tell you that she would take me if she could get me by on a half-fare ticket."

First Cit: "What is Coolidge doing these days?"

Second Dit: "Still thanking the gods that he didn't choose."

Bill: "Why don't Jews make good baseball players?"

Phil: "When they see a diamond they become nervous until they can get it set in a stick-pin."

Jack: "Speaking of Jews, did you know they don't wear teddies?"

Jill: "N—o"

Jack: "No; but Jewesses do."

Mose: "Do you beleive that you will go crazy if you allow the moonshine to fall on your face when you are asleep?"

Boze: "No, sir; that's stuff's got to trickle down your throat when you're awake."

Major (pointing to cigarette stub on the campus): "Carver is this yours?"

Carver: "No, sir—you saw it first."

"You say you saw a lot of her this summer?"

"Yes, I met her a number of times down at the bathing beach."

—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

An Englishman is reported to have invented a fishing-rod that holds a pint of liquor. If the Tariff Commission is wise, Mr. Mellon need fear no more treasury deficits."

LIKE FATHER, LIKE—?

Who is it thinks his father is the country's greatest man?

Who is it helps his mother out in ev'ry way he can?

Who is it, on the playing field, sticks till the game is done?

Who is the greatest pal on earth? You guess it, friend,

My son!

Who is it keeps me waiting for my favored barber's chair?

Who is it steals my cigarettes?

Who is it I hear swear?

Who is it will drink anything in liquid form but water?

Who is it wears my golfing togs?

You said it, friend,

My daughter!

—GEO. R. DAVIES, in *Judge*.

Order of The Day

7:00 a. m.—Reveille

7:30 a. m.—Breakfast

8:20 a. m.—Guard Mount

8:50 a. m.—School Session

1:50 p. m.—Academic Day Ends

2:00 p. m.—Lunch

2:30 p. m.—Recreation

3:15 p. m.—Drill

4:00 p. m.—Recreation

6:10 p. m.—Supper

6:50 p. m.—Evening Study

9:30 p. m.—Tattoo

10:00 p. m.—Taps

"How did you come to raid that barber shop?" the dry agent was asked.

"Well," he replied, "it struck me kind of funny that such a lot of fellows should buy hair restorer from a bald-headed barber."

—*Boston Transcript*.

Know Your Kumquats

Florida is the chin whiskers of the United States. It is six hundred miles long, two hundred miles wide and three feet high. It is bounded on the north by the eighteenth amendment and on the other three sides by the three-mile limit.

Florida is inhabited by Indians, Americans, white men and feed-bag tourists, sometimes called tin-canners. The reds live on the Everglades, the blacks live on the whites, and the whites live on the tourists, and the tin-canners on the municipal camping grounds.

Florida's principal sources of income are hotels, fruits, alligator skins, tourists and the vest-pocket press agents of California. But the one big outstanding feature of Florida is its fruit: Orange raising coming first, of course. Raising oranges in Florida is a cinch; all that is required is enough money to live on while raising them.

The next Florida fruit is the grapefruit. A grapefruit is a cross between a lemon, a dose of quinine and a pumpkin. It has the color and disposition of a blonde ticket seller at a movie-picture show. It is usually eaten at breakfast, thus combining the advantages of a meal and morning shower-bath at the same time.

The tangerine is a distant cousin of the orange. It wears a loose and careless Mother Hubbard style of wrapper and is much easier to disrobe than the orange, but it has a more dry, withered and disappointed disposition when undrest.

The kumquat is the only thing in Florida that lives up to its name. It looks and acts just the way it sounds.—*Spartan (Mich.) Sentinel*.

Mother: "John, the baby has swallowed a cent. What on earth shall I do?"

Mr. Close: "Oh, well, let him keep it. Next Friday is his birthday, anyway."—*Boston Transcript*.

"Don't Quit"

When things go wrong, as they sometimes will,

When the road you're trudging seems all up hill,

When the funds are low and the debts are high,

And you want to smile, but you have to sigh,

When care is pressing you down a bit,

Rest if you must, but don't you quit.

Life is queer with its twists and turns,

As every one of us sometimes learns,

And many a failure turns about, When he might have won had he stuck it out;

Don't give up, though the pace seems low—

You may succeed with another blow.

Often the goal is nearer than It seems to a faint and faltering man.

Often the struggler has given up When he might have captured the victor's cup.

And he learned too late, when the night slipped down,

How close he was to the golden crown.

Success is failure turned inside out—

The silver tint of the clouds of doubt.

And you can never tell how close you are

It may be near when it seems afar;

So stick to the fight when you're hardest hit—

It's when things seem worst that you musn't quit.

Sighted after many years! The one about the Sunday school superintendent who said, "Now, children, we'll try that again—'Little drops of water'—and let's put some spirit into it."—*Detroit News*.

"GIFT OF THE STARS"

BY A ROLLER BOY

Shenandoah, lovely vale,
Land of nature's beauty-trail,
From Augusta to the swift Potomac's sway;
Bathed in heaven's crystal air,
Gleams thy glory, valley fair,
From the Blue Ridge to the Alleghenies gray.

Star-gift land of Warriors Red
Ere bold sons of England sped
To Jamestown, the Nation's shrine of liberty;
Valley fair of smiling farms,
Happy homes 'mid rural charms,
Land that ever lingers in fond memory.

Granary-land in days of Lee
And his ranks of chivalrie—
Gory field of Blue and Gray in battle dread:
Now, with peace to man, good will,
Land where friendship's roses 'still
Incense sweet o'er ashes of the Nation's dead.

Land o' Love for happy twain
Strolling youth's rare Junetime lane,
Gathering rosebuds as the golden moments fly;
Home-land sweet of mated pair
In their Eden Garden fair,
With, at twilight soft, a mother's lullaby.

Land of Alma Mater mine,
Land of school-day ties that twine
Youthful hearts in loyal friendship's lasting sway;
Land of sunny skies and blue,
Land of golden dreams come true,
Shenandoah, land of dear old A. M. A.